

## LOCAL NEWS.

The coal cry is hushed.

J. M. Wright occupies M. R. Draper's late residence.

Gryden has removed the incubus which attached to his law office.

He was leaning against a post and said he had visible means of support.

The heaviest beer drinking editors are the strongest prohibitionists.

Dr. Goddard, U. S. A., has been transferred from Ft. Riley to Ft. Supply.

Christmas and New Year's toys, in endless variety at J. Collar's, the blue store.

The first hundred persons that buy of J. Collar during the holidays will receive a handsome present.

W. H. Vernon, the leading lawyer of the Larned bar, was in the city Tuesday on professional business.

You never did see such an immense selection of holiday goods before in Dodge City. J. Collar has everything.

Commodore Vanderbilt remarked once: "How can the world know a man has a good thing unless he advertises it?"

There will be Catholic divine service in the Union church on next Sunday, the 18th of December, by Rev. Robert Loehrer.

Mrs. W. B. Crutenden, and her daughter Etta, of Chicago, arrived Saturday and will remain during the winter. Mrs. C. is a sister of Mrs. D. C. Kane.

About as handsome a display we have seen in many a day is exhibited in J. Collar's show window. The esthetic display is the wonder of the children and the admiration of the people.

The newspapers don't take kindly to the Governor's proclamation. The opinion is that the Governor has bolstered up a lagging cause. His "scare crow" won't stop the sale of Christmas eggs now.

Mrs. J. Collar spent several days in Chicago making selections for Christmas and New Year goods for the Dodge City trade. The finest display ever made in this city is now on exhibition at the Blue Store.

There is as much hypocrisy by some temperance advocates as by those who make reform their shibboleth. Newspapers that were patting the prohibitory law, now condemn the Governor's methods. So much for public opinion.

We can see the opaque body of next fall's political horse in the dim distance. Mr. Frost is taming the prohibition lion and will run for county attorney. We believe Mr. Gryden, anti-prohibitionist, can beat Mr. Frost, prohibitionist.

Gryden's law office has been attached for a debt of \$40; there is a debt for ground rent of \$200, and a mortgage of \$50 on it, and the building is worth about \$75. To satisfy all these claims will leave Mr. Gryden without visible means of support.

There are obscure men and women who hardly in their lives utter a word of conscious teaching, who by their example do more to make people around them gentle and truthful and Christian-like than any preacher can do. It is not those who talk about goodness, but those who are good, that are the light of the world.

The Great Bend Tribune describes Brother Gates' visit to this city last week, as follows: "Brother Gates visited the saloons and dance houses while in Dodge City last week, and told the proprietors 'to set 'em up.' Not knowing him, the bar-keepers promptly brought out decanters and glasses; but on being told by the Elder that it was money, for missionary purposes that he wanted, the boys shelled out five dollar bills with equal naivety. The Parson thinks the Dodge City saloon keepers have good hearts in them, and will in time see the error of the traffic they are engaged in and make useful men in the world."

## THE FIREMEN'S BAL MASQUE.

The Dodge City Fire Company will not let the holidays pass without a fitting commemoration. They are making arrangements for a grand mask ball on Monday night, December 26th, and there will be a pretty general invitation, so you may get your masks ready. The ball will be given in Strater's Opera House. The price of admission will be \$1.50, and no one will be admitted to the ball without a ticket. This will be a grand affair and an enjoyable occasion. No supper will be given, but oysters and refreshments can be had conveniently. The following committees were appointed: Executive Committee—A. H. Boyd, A. B. Webster and R. G. Cook.

Committee on Invitations—Fred Wenie, F. J. Durand and Arthur Marsh.

Reception Committee—R. E. Rice, W. J. Miller, I. B. Ellis and J. Collar.

Floor Managers—Adam Jackson, Fred Singer, Henry Koch and H. P. Myton.

Go early. The grand march will commence promptly at 9 o'clock.

The holidays come on Sunday. There must be some fitting commemoration by festivity. We presume there will be the usual holiday performances; but when to get in the dances is the question. The Friday nights previous seem to be the proper time. A dress ball for Christmas and a mask ball for New Year's are talked of. The ladies are preparing handsome toilets, and we presume the Christmas soiree will be grand and elegant. The holidays do not pass over this city without considerable stir. It is time for the leaders of society and fashion to be making arrangements for Christmas.

A military court martial is being held at Fort Dodge for the trial of Lt. Col. Yard, stationed at Supply. There is a large number of witnesses and officers from various parts of the country. There are seven members of the court; Colonels Hatch, Haller, Baell, and Dudley, and three others; Capt. McArthur is Judge Advocate. We understand Col. Yard is charged with intoxication while on duty.

J. Collar has 4,000 pounds of choice and assorted candies for the holidays. Just think of two tons of candies—all kinds of candies—for the Dodge City people; just a wheel barrow load for each boy and girl, but Jake will sell these candies to everybody, and so little boy or girl, when you go to buy candy take a basket or a wheel barrow or a two-horse wagon. Don't be bashful; tell Jake you will take a cart load.

Impaled on a hair-pin: "What would you do if you were I and I were you?" tenderly inquired a young Dodge City swell of his lady friend as he escorted her home from church. "Well," said she, "if I were you I should throw away that vile cigarette, cut up my cane for fire wood, wear my watch-chain under my coat, and stay at home nights and pray for brains."

James Hollister, foreman of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe yards at Emporia, has been arrested for smuggling property from freight cars and disposing of it. It is thought he is one of a gang who have been operating in this matter for some time, and he is reported as being anxious to turn state evidence against his accomplices.

It is said that when the Caldwell fellows backed up their wagon, with the rope in it, they asked Danford to state what he wished done with his remains, as he had but one hour to live. He said: "Go on with your d-d show; my wife will attend to the funeral arrangements. I can hire some of you fellows to march in the procession for a nickel apiece."

J. Collar has a big heart. It is made of chocolate and is handsomely embellished. His heart is in the show window. It indicates the good things he has for sale for the holidays. Go and pierce Jake's heart.

It is time to commence saving up your change for the holidays. You will have need of it all if you do your duty by the little ones.

A distinguished literary crank has said some mean things of the newspapers, which has called a defense from the Topeka Capital. The Capital editor is a capital writer, and we make an extract from his article, which will be read with interest:

Newspapers, as a rule, are not given to thoughtless detraction. You will find now and then a paper that makes a specialty of disseminating scandals and slander; but people soon find it out, and cease to patronize it, and it either dies or reforms. The papers that prosper and have influence do not assail anybody without good cause, and are generally able to substantiate all their assertions. It is perhaps true that newspapers like a bit of gossip, and welcome an occasional chance to "make it warm" for some prominent character, because their readers enjoy such things and the press is expected to be both useful and interesting. But it is not true that they go "diving" and "swooping" around for morsels of defamation; on the contrary, such matter unfortunately presents itself without being searched for, and far too frequently.

We think it safe to say, speaking from a good deal of experience, that for every assault made upon an individual in the newspapers, a hundred opportunities for that sort of thing are quietly disregarded. The public sees only what goes into the paper, it does not see what is kept out. Every editor of any consequence holds secrets enough about his neighbors and fellow-men to make a series of daily sensations, were he so imprudent and malicious as to print them, instead of suppressing them. It is freely charged that editors are skeptical and slow to credit men with good intentions. If the world knew how much they are compelled to see of sham and folly, of pretense and insincerity, shame and meanness, it would wonder that they believe in anything or anybody. And yet, as a matter of fact, they go on constantly preaching the goodness of things, and refusing to doubt that at heart humanity is sound and true, in spite of these plentiful indications of weakness and corruption.

The editor who seeks excuse to tomahawk people is an exception. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, editors prefer to say creditable things of those whom they talk about; and they often err in over-"padding" than in personal abuse. It is not a pleasant thing to denounce a man as a fraud or a knave; it is by no means enjoyable to drag hidden offenses to light, even when guilt is undoubted and exposure a public advantage. There is a continued temptation to publish facts and rumors of a damaging nature, which the editor's prudence, kindness and self-respect put aside untold. No other person in the world, except a priest, is such a secret-keeper. The average journalist is neither a chattering magpie, nor a croaking raven nor a screaming gull. His calling trains him to reticence, the first duty of his profession is a habit of silence—and his triumphs lie much less in the direction of deciding what ought to be said than what ought to be left unsaid, or told with a suggestion of charity.

The man who behaves himself will never be harmed by the newspapers. It is a slander to charge that the press gloats over discoveries of frailty and folly, and is glad to hold people up to scorn and condemnation.

Boys and girls go and see Uncle Jake Collar. You can find a nice holiday present at his store.

Two roadmasters and about 30 section boxes of the A., T. & S. F. railroad have been arrested, charged with making false time checks. About \$100,000 has thus been fraudulently obtained, and the swindling transactions have been going on for years. The men are under arrest at Topeka.

J. Collar has 125 feet of store room filled with holiday goods. His holiday stock is immense.

Ice men in Kansas City are beginning to fear that they will not have a chance to fill their ice houses this winter. There is time enough for cold weather yet.

Mrs. J. Collar purchased an immense fine stock of holiday goods in Chicago, for the Dodge City trade.

DIED, at Austin, Texas, Dec. 8th, 1881, at the residence of her grandparents, little ALICE, age 14 months, daughter of W. W. and Lettie Driskill. Little Alice was a lovely and interesting child, singularly precocious for one of her age. The loving parents from their breaking hearts, might well exclaim, Oh, why was such a bright one taken away! But God's ways are mysterious; it is not for us to know why he chooses the fairest and best. Sleep on, little Alice, not on mamma's loving breast, but in the protecting arms of the Good Shepherd, who has but received back His own into the fold again.

She has gone to her God, she has gone to her home; No more amid peril and trouble to roam. Her eyes no longer dim; Her little feet will no more falter. No grief can follow her— No pang her cheek can alter. C. A.

The track of the A., T. & S. F. road has been fenced from the State line to Dodge City. The Los Animas Leader says: The company has paid this season on claims for stock killed by its trains in Western Kansas and Colorado about \$40,000. The fence will effectually cut off this item of expense, but whether stock owners will be benefited is another question. The large numbers of cattle drifting in from the northern range will be caught by the fences and must necessarily suffer both for food and water. The losses under such circumstances, with a severe winter, must be larger than usual.

To read correctly the winter of any year take the breast bone of a goose hatched during the preceding spring. The bone is translucent, and it will be found to be colored and spotted. The dark color and heavy spots indicate cold. If the spots are of a light shade and transparent wet weather, rain or snow may be looked for. Kentuckians prognosticate on the goose bone. Three bones have lately been examined. They indicate a motley winter, with a mild December and January and a cold February.

Morris Collar has a fine assortment of household goods for the holidays. You will find a great variety of goods in his store, from a toilet set to a reaper and mower. Morris has an eye to business. He keeps everything everybody wants.

Parties wishing the Household Magazine, two large and ten small oil chromos, Geo. W. Storey is canvassing for, will receive the same by depositing one dollar at Mrs. Ida Beadle's. The chromos will be delivered in three weeks.

The new A., T. & S. F. time card, announced for Sunday next, has been postponed and will not be issued until January 1st. There will be a slight change of time of running freight trains.

Go and see Uncle Jake's big heart. Uncle Jake Collar is a liberal man, and has a wonderful display of good things for the boys and girls of Dodge and Western Kansas.

Col. Tom Jones, the distinguished advocate and pleader, comes up smiling after several days absence down the road on legal business. The Colonel is full of business.

Your sweetheart, your wife, your husband expect a holiday present. Go and select a nice one in J. Collar's handsome collection, best ever shown in this city.

"Devotion" and "Spring Time," two elegant chromos worth \$10 each, can be had of Geo. W. Storey for one dollar. Orders can be left at Mrs. Beadle's store.

E. D. Swan, of Spearville township was in town this morning. He reports the east end holding up with the fine winter.

The gentle zephyr lingers, reminding us that this is windy Kansas.

I. N. Van Vorhis, of Spearville, is in the city to day.

The failure of the ice crop is the subject of discussion.

A. S. Mercer of the Pan Handle newspaper is here.